MAYERES HIS TRAVELS:

Containing a true Recapitulation of all the remarkable passages *which befell in the Authors Peregrination* and Voyages, as namely in these Imployments following:

viz. his

1 *Voyage for the wars in* Ireland *in Queen* E.R.
2 *At* Breda, *under one of the four English Colonell Regiments.*
3 *With Count* Mansfield.
4 *To* Cales.
5 *To the Ile of* Rhee.

Wherunto is added a speech the Author held with great King *Hunger* in his journey over the *Alpes.*

Collected and written by him who was both an actor, and an eye witnesse in the above named severall imployments, the space of forty yeeres.

R. M. S. Gent.

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LONDON,
Printed by *T. H.* for *Richard Harper*, and are to

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TO THE RIGHT

Worshipfull and much honored *John Potham*, Knight and Baronet, a poor Souldier *wisheth all happines in this life, and eternall felicitie in the life to come.*

RIGHT WORSHIPFULL,

IT is said that the silly *Wren*, the least of all Birds, takes her chiefest shelter under the *Eagles* wings, and that the Princely *Vnicorne*

delighting in Musick would stand stil to heare (after the sweet singing *Philomela* had sounded out her melodious and silver sounding tunes) the poore *Thrush* to warble out her chat, and so sometimes, that great *Augustus* (who made the World to tremble) would vouchsafe to hear and read, the homely work of a rustick Shepherd, as well as the learned and lofty Verse of *Virgill*: All which imboldneth me (poor Vassall) to dedicate this poore Pamphlet, being the tragicall discourse of my lives Catastrophe to your noble selfe, Verse I dare not call, neither prose; it is but a poor, plain, brief and true rehersall of my disasters in that little service and poore travell that I have undergone, being the space of forty yeares: Beseeching your noble

selfe,

selfe, to be the *Eagle*, to shelter this my poore *Wren*-like worke, under the shadow of your loving wings; and to heare the *Rurall* tune of a poore Rusticke Souldier clattering in an Iron coat, aswell as *Orpheus* with his dainty Musick, clad in a Peacock coloured sute, singing out his delighting Sirens songs more then *Philomela* like, and as *Augustus* to daigne to looke down so low, as to take the view of tragicall discourse of a poor souldiers unfortunate passages, as the thrice noble verse of learned *Spenser*, *Draiton*, and their fellows: happy shall I think my selfe, if you will not be displeased at my presumption, but much more happy shal I bee, if your Worship will but give my poor widows mite your kind and favourable acceptance: I hope the'

better, in regard I found your favour once in *Bohemia*, being utterly unknown, being then (as I am still) very poore, it was not then, nor is not now for any gift I sought or seek more then your noble and loving countenance, and respect. Thus will I rest, leaving your noble self to the Lords protection, and my self and my poore Catastrophe to the VVorlds view, and sharpe censure of many viporous and malignant tongues.

Your Worships in all

service,

RANDULPH MAYERES.

Gentle Reader, I intreat thee, that if thou findest any things amisse in this Catalogue of my disasters, and thy selfe couldest have done much better, laugh not this to scorn; but doe that better thou canst doe, and give the glorie to God that hath given thee those better parts: for poor man that I am, what I have done, I have done it as no scholler but a poore souldier, not seen in any poeticall Fiction, or Ænigmaticall invention, much lesse in any patheticall curiositie

bositie of daintie discourse, but plain as poor, for I can no better: Wherefore I beseech thee speake sparingly, censure lovingly, judge charitably of a poore unlearned Souldiers Catastrophe: hee is one that will not wrong thee nor no man, but favours all, hates none, loves God, honours his King and Country, and hopes to die in Gods fear, and after to live with him in glory, and so I rest thine in all dutie,

R. M.

To be a ſouldier, is an honour; ſuch
As all may ſpeak but none cómend too much.
To be a Poet, that doth farre tranſcend
Mortality: Man, hath his propos'd end:
But the *Muſe* is immortall, upward flying
To what is ever-laſting, never dying.
But where theſe, in one Centre ſhall combine,
Though ſouldiers terrene, and the *Muſe* divine;
Yet both of them make a ſweet harmony,
Twixt *Mars* the god of warre, and *Mercury*.
Great *Ceſar*, fam'd in many a glorious fight,
Still, what he did by day wrote down by night
And was his own Chronologer: what he
Deſerv'd in that, may be conferd on thee
(My worthy Friend) who nothing here ſett'ſt
(But as it juſtly may be call'd thine own) (down,
So, of thoſe paſſages thou doſt deſcry
Thou haſt bin witneſſe, both in eare and eye.
In the *French* wars thou haſt an Actor been,
And in the *Iriſh*, ſerv'd the Maiden Queen
Eliza, of bleſt memory: the skars
Thou wear'ſt about thee of the *Belgick* wars,
Thou alſo waſt a ſharer in the fate
Of the ſad loſſe, in the *Palatinate*.
Thy worthy ſervice hath been known to bee
Both in *Cales* Voyage, and the Iſle *Del-ree*.
And needs muſt thou immortall glory winne,
To give ſo fair account where thou haſt bin,
Both *Arms* and *Arts* thy meeter doth expreſſe,
In thy prayſe therfore I could write no leſſe.

Th. Haywood.

To be a Souldier, is an honour; such
As all may speak but none, oppend too much.
To be a Poet, that doth haue transcend
Mortality: Man, hath his propos'd end:
But the Muse is immortall, upward flying
To what is ever-lasting, never dying.
Fine wittes there, in one Centre shall combine,
Though Souldiers torrent and the Muse diuine;
Yet both of them make a sweet harmony,
Twixt Mars the god of warre, and Memory.
Great Caesar, fam'd in many a glorious storie,
Shall, what he did by day, write down by night
And was his own Chronologer: what he
Deliver'd in that, may be couch'd on thee
(My worthy Friend) who penning here (at th
(But as it fully may be call'd thine own) (down,
So, of thole paines thou doft delcry
Thou hast bin writer, both in care and eye.
In the French wars thou hast an Actor been,
And in the Irish, serv'd the Maiden Queen
Diuers of both my memory: the skars
Thou wear'st about thee of the Religi' wars,
Thou allowest a share in the late
Of the Low lands, in the Palatinate,
Thy worthy service hath been known to be
Both in Cales Voyage, and the Isle Terceir
And needs must thou immortall glory win,
To strive in late accounts where thou hast been
Both ev'ry land where thy master doth expire
In thy praise (before I could write more)

Humfrey Crowch

To the Author Master *Randulph Mayres.*

TO thee brave Mayres *whose spirit's not confin'd*
Within the limits of a cowards minde,
For as the Elements of fire and water,
When as they meet do strive which shall be greater,
So feare and valour in a souldiers brest,
Do strive in volentars, and some thats prest,
But like a flash of lightning valour did
Put life in thee, when feare struck others dead,
In a good cause valour made thee resolu'd,
To venter forth which made thee be extold,
And what thy youth perform'd in field and town,
Now crowns thy age with honour and renown,
To try the worst of ills thou took'st a pride,
As this Book shews which cannot be deniде,
Hard lodging, hunger, cold, could not displant thee,
Nor yet grim death himself could ever daunt thee,
When cowards fled, and some that staid prov'd base,
Thou stout didst brave King Hunger *to his face,*
Thy daring heart did clime the Alps *so high,*
Not high enough for thee, I grieve that I
Want matter to extoll thee as I should,
Whose name deserveth to be writ in gold.
The losing of Breda *is thy relating,*
The Ile of Ree *which set the* French *a prating:*

That though our men were beaten from that coast,
Thou shewst the French have no great cause to
And sure to talk of wars is thy delight: (boast,
All the Bohemian *wars thou dost recite,*
Thou being an eye-witnesse of these things,
The news that thy native Country brings.
Rest (worthy man) from all thy pains and toyles,
For age, we know, the stoutest Souldier foyles.

To the gentle Reader of Master Randulph Mayeres *his travels.*

GEntle Spectators of this Pamphlet small,
The Author doth desire no prayse at all,
His works prayse him so worthily he writes,
To read his travels he the world incites,
The name of Poet he doth here refuse,
Yet we may understand he hath a Muse.
Souldier and Scholler, it seems he is belike,
For he can use his pen as well as Pike,
He is no *Venus* Darling, you shall know it,
A sonne of *Mars*, a Souldier, and a Poet:
So then regardlesse of vain Criticks cavils,
Honour his person, and read o're his travels.

H. C.

To the gentle Reader of Master Randulph
Mayres his travels.

To read his travels he the world incites,
The name of Poet **Imprimatur.** ule,
Yet we may understand he hath a Mule.
Souldier and Scholler, it seems he is belike,
For he can use **Th. Wykes.**
He is no Verus Darling, you shall know it,
A lonne of Mars, a Souldier, and a Poet:
So then regardlesse of vaine Critics Cavils,
Honour his person, and read o're his travels.

May 12. 1638.



1

MY Muse is mounted and perforce will write,
Putting mee on, to write some new found thing,
But I cannot from a sheeves brain indite
Any that's new, but must old tydings bring:
Yet still my Muse, she doth me much reprove
And bids me cease, unlesse I write of love.

1 *Nothing in this age is so delightfull as love-toyes, and lascivious rimes, wherin youth takes his chiefest felicity, for* Venus *the great Goddesse of Love, with her three children base begotten, as Pride, Beauty, and Riches, with her neer Kinsman the great god* Bacchus *at her elbow, bears all the sway in these days: so that one sheet of paper is more valued writ as a* Love-toy, *then a Reame of paper writ in this nature.*

2

And tells me that, *Bellona's* banish'd cleer,
And hides her face, even as a coward base
And dare not once the goddesse Love come neer,
For love not war is holden all in grace:
But yet I cannot, but of war must speak,
And not of love although my heart should break.

Yet could I wish the wise to consider that as Venus *hath her three delightfull Daughters, and a frolick Kinsman: So hath the Goddesse* Bellona's *three Handmaids, Fire, Sword, and Famine, which being sent abroad: make such havock of* Venus *Images, as nothing then is so much in respect as* Mars *his messengers, which indeed is poor Souldiers, which in this age is most of all men rejected, and disrespected, unlesse it be of some noble spirits, and the learned Patrons of divine Contemplations, & Managers of Martiall affairs.*

3

Nor can I write as Satyrists use to do,
Against what, not some harsh invective verse,
Nor strive I can to put my Muse unto
The pleasure of fair *Venus* to reherse:
Nor can I write, as fittest is indeed,
Of bloudy *Mars*, oft made my body bleed.

Then

4

Then Muſe give leave, for I am minded now,
To warble out the whole Cataſtrophey
Of the diſaſters I have wandred through.
They are intricate as is *Menanders* way,
A Labyrinth wherin I have laboured ſore,
And yet my labour ſtill is more and more.

4 *I call this my Cataſtrophe, for that it is the rehearſall of all, or moſt what of my lives paſſage ſince I was able to beare Armes as a Souldier, being a tragicall diſcourſe of a Souldier, a Traveller, a Priſoner, a Pilgrim, a Begger, and in ſome ſmall meaſure a poor Scholler.*

5

My labour hath been for to travell much,
To ſearch the ſecrets on this Orbe of earth,
But yet, alas, my ſorrows they were ſuch
In *Lethe's* ditch, that I have loſt my breath:
For nothing finde I but the rolling ſtone,
That had no moſſe, nor none will grow upon.

5 *This ditch or flood of* Lethe, *is the ditch or flood of all forgetfulneſſe: which made mee forget my ſorrows ſo quickly. The ſtone of* Siſiphus *is always turning, yet never gets any thing unleſſe it be filth, but is ſtill barer and barer, and ſo am I.*

6

A Scholler once I did desire to be
In learning lore I took a great delight,
But ere the vertue, therin I could see
The States to me bore such a deadly spight,
Before my portion I could half possesse,
They took it from me, left me motherlesse.

6 *My mother died ere I came to any perfection in learning, which was my undoing.*

7

Then being yong and fresh in youthfull years,
My minde so green with every wave was tost
Which to repent I do with many teare,
To see how fondly I my time then lost,
And eke how vainly I my time did spend,
And never thought, how want would come ith' end.

7 *I thought of no want, when I went first to the wars, which now makes mee come home by weeping cresse, more is my sorrow.*

8

For nothing then would relish with my taste,
But what was got in great *Bellona's* wars
Instead of Pen, with Pike my time I waste,
Stil searching out where *Mars* did keep his jars
Til means & friends & hopes & all were gone
Then old and maymed I returned home.

8 *He that puts the hazard of his fortunes being young, to the hope of friends comfort being old, is more like to die a begger in contempt, then at his death to give a dole to the poor to gain him commendation.*

9

Where that I hoped, I should justly finde
True recompence for losse of means, and blood,
Since for my Nation I have been so kinde,
To venter life and limbe for Countries good,
But I instead of love and courtesie
Received losse, pain, grief and misery.

9 *Here I end my Exordium.*

10

But to begin my catalogue of wo,
And of the sorrows I have undergone,
And of my service done against my fo,
Of all the passage, you shall heare anon,
Tho simply done, pardon my want of skill,
It is the truth accept it for good will.

10 *And begin my catalogue.*

11

It is no Poem nor no Pamphlet rude,
The one I cannot learning I do want,
And into Pamphlets I durst nere intrude,
Nor thrust my self, because my brain's to scant,
To flourish up as Poets can do well,
Such dainty phrases I could never tell.

11 *I am no Poet, nor am I a Pamphlet-maker, I want learning for the one, and cunning practice & curious phrases for the other.*

12

Yet Rurall like the truth I will set forth,
Poor as it is, made by as poor a man,
And may be holden of as little worth,
Because a Souldier seemeth rime to scan:
Into a verse to shew the spight of fate,
Which he hath bought at too too dear a rate.

12 *Though it be not a work of* Pean, *I am sure it is not of* Pan, *for hee was a rich shepherd, and I am a poor souldier, and this is mine own work truly, though never so homely.*

13

For first of all a friend that was me near,
Intreated me whom I could not deny,
In *Ireland* in Arms for to appear
In compleat course my loyalty to try:
In the behalf of that same noble Queen,
Whose like (I think) on earth was never seen.

13 *The first service that ever I was in, was in* Ireland, *at a place called the* Curlewes, *being then the great* O-neile *his Country, where was one of the worst days that the* English *had in* Ireland: *for there was lost Sir* Conyers Clifford *then Colonell, a noble Commander,* Sir Alexander Rad-

cliffe

cliffe *Lieutenant Colonell*, *and brave Sir* Iames Harrington, *all of high birth and very noble, with a world of* English *more, to the great grief of the Queen: There I ſtaid ſtill, and ſerved in divers parts after, as at* Dungannon *where was good ſervice, at the Iſle of* Muck, *wherein going on was drowned Sir* Samuel Bagnall *his Ancient, which made many prognoſticate worſe ſucceſſe then fell out, alſo at* Kinſale, *where was a lamentable ſore Leager, and a long, but a happy for us in the end.*

14

For when my hopes in learning it was loſt,
I then took arms as holding it the beſt,
Since Fortune had my towardneſſe ſo croſt,
I thought I could not be no better bleſt
Then for my Queen & honor'd country fight,
For to maintain their true and lawfull right.

15

Though I but one, yet one muſt needs begin
A number that is number numberleſſe,
Then a ſouldier needly muſt come in,
To make the number be it more or leſſe
(For why) I play'd a ſouldiers faithfull part,
I did my beſt both with my hand and heart.

16

But after that a hard time I had been,
A ſouldier there my Queen being dead & gone

I got reward a ſhot may yet be ſeen,
And that was all and then away did come
Home into *England* to my Friends again,
Who did diſdain my ſervice, love and pain.

16 *At the Queenes death I came into* England *with a ſore ſhot, not whole, yet as welcome to my friends, as the poore Mariner makes water into his ſhip, eſpecially my ſtepmother.*

17

And bad me go once more another Voyage,
And ſee if that I could finde any worſe,
For my own Father dear I wore in his rage
The day that I was born, that he would curſe
And rather wiſh me in untimely grave,
Then I one houre, a future life ſhould have.

18

When I poor ſoul, had done nothing at all
But what was juſt and honorable both,
And for defending the State generall,
The beſt I could my minde being very loth
To do that thing, might not me well beſeem,
In the defence of Country and my Queen.

19

Which when I ſaw my Friends obdurity,
And that my entertainment it was ſuch

And saw nothing but present misery
And that for love, my Friends hate me so much
A wish'd that ere, I might here live in scorn,
That I might die, where I was never born.

20

Then did I crave a Souldier prest to be,
Which was well liked by the better sort
And did commend my love and duty free
And to this day I have their good report
That I would go unto the wars again,
To venture life, ere live with Friends disdain.

20 *After this new supplyes went for* Ireland, *I was prest to go again, not much unwillingly, seeing the refractory & harsh dealing of my deareſt frieds, for as the old saying is, In prosperity a friend is easily found, but in adversity not one of a thousand, so hath it been with mee, for ever when I came into* England *with a full purse, the deareſt and neereſt Friends I had, would helpe me to spend it and make it empty, but when I came home poor, I was not for their company.*

21

Which I did do, and then did much endure
A second time in *Ireland* again

And further means I never could procure,
Saue that I got my labour for my pain.
For when Sir *Cary Dougherthy* was dead,
I came to *England* forc'd to beg my bread.

21 *I serued in* Ireland *untill the last Rebellion in* Loughfoyle, *beginning at the* Diry *by Sir* Cary Dougherthy, *in which time I serued under the command of Sir* Oliver Saint Iohn, *after Lord Deputy, also Sir* Edward York, *Sir* Richard Hanlard, *Captain* George Malary, *& Sir* George Flower.

22

Where that I found such simple courtesie,
As cauled me again to leave the land,
And then I trauaild into *Italy*,
When noble *Payton* did our Force command,
Vnder the *Signior* and *Venetian* State,
Where I bought wit at such an extream rate.

22 *After my second time comming from* Ireland, *I found such poor respect of my friends that I trauelled into* Italy, *and serued under the* English *Regiment at* Venice, *Sir* Henry Payton *being Generall, my Captain was* Billingsley.

23

As that I did, beside, my losse of bloud,
Indure the hard and cruell slavery

Even

Even of the *Turks* where I found nothing good?
But all I got, was stripes and misery.
But God in mercy, after a time was pleas'd,
I from the *Turkish* slavery was eas'd.

23 *But going an unfortunate Voyage to Sea for desire of gain, I got instead a world of pain being taken prisoner by the* Turks, *where I remayned a slave a long time, but by Gods providence (beyond expectation of any humane reason, I was by the help of the* Christians, *released, to wit, a man of* Florence, *who brought mee to* Ligorne, *a dainty Haven Town seated to the Sea upon the foot of the River* Arno, *which runs up from thence to the rare and goodly City* Florence, *but rather I may say the River* Arno *runs from* Florence *to* Ligorne, *being about fifty miles.*

24

And did return to *Florence* Citie fair,
Where now again I came to *Italie*,
And was ore-joy'd to see that City rare,
In my conceit the prime of *Lombardie*.
Tho many praise some other Cities more,
Yet do I think they are mistaken sore.

24 *The saying is that* Italie *is the garden of the World, and that* Lombardy *is the garden of* Italie, *and* Florence, *the garden of* Lombardy, *which indeed it is, for it is curious for building, delicatly*

seated

seated, and very bravely peopled and full of plenty, it hath in it a very stately Grand Dome, *or Church all of pure checker work white and black Marble corner wise set, there is a great and massie ball of beaten gold on the top of the high Steeple.*

25

Tho *Venice* it be rich, and *Genoa* proud,
Padua be learn'd, and *Bologna* brave,
And mighty *Rome* for spaciousnesse abow'd,
Dainby, *Verona*, yet none of these you have:
So *Dainby* fair, a curious seat to see,
As *Florence* is within all *Italie*.

25. *After I left* Florence, *I was at divers curious Cities of marvellous beauty, of which I have named some, especially* Genoa, *where the Marquesse* Spinola *had a curious house.* Genoa *exceeds for high building any place that ever I saw.* Padua *is a dainty Academy, especially for Physick, and so is* Mantua, Verona *a very fine City, as also* Bellogna, Brussia, Bargamore, *and many others,* Rome *me thought was but a ragged great thing, and not very beautifull, the chiefest things of note is the Bridge of* Tyber, *and Saint* Angeloes, *the* Pyramides, *the* Popes *Pallace and his gilded gate, with the great and Metropolitan Church of Saint* Peter: *as also I must remember their* Pantheon, *which was the Temple of the old* Roman *gods, which is a*

mighty

mighty thing built round either for fear their gods should fall by the eares for prerogative Royall, as indeed it was, or else for feare they should run out at the West end of the Church like stone gods, and turn cowards.

26

But leaving *Italie*, thus after I
Had bin from *England* almost twice five years,
I past the *Alps*, those mighty Mountains high
Where I did weep more drops of brinish teare,
Then I got water for to drink that time,
Saving cold snow to slake the thirst was mine.

26 *I came out of* Italie *over the* Alps *in winter, where I was not perished so much with cold, but hungry, also being sixteene days without a bit of bread, comming* Hanibals *way when their was no Convoy, upon which I made the following Fiction.*

27

Yet for my thirst it was not so extream,
But that I could have undergone the same,
But for vilde hunger, I could finde no mean,
It was so grievous and so much to blame,
That I was glad to satisfie his force
By eating bark from tree, & that was worse.

28

For I was glad paſſing that deſert way,
Which *Hanibal* (they ſay) for's Army made
Weary by night, and travelling by day,
Where many a filthy root my taſte aſſay'd,
Before I came unto the *Silvian* Wood,
Where cõfort none I foũd, nor nothing good.

29

Betwixt theſe mountaines & theſe deſert woods,
Me thought I heard a hollow ſounding voice,
Come from the crags wheras poore ſilly ſhrubs
Do grow ſecure, there did I heare this noiſe:
Even as an echo ſounding forth to me,
His name, his nature, and his quality.

30

Which when I heard, my ſences was amaz'd
'Twixt hope & fear, (I ſtood) as one half dead
To hear a voice out from thoſe rocks ſo rais'd,
To cry to me, and aske me for ſome bread:
When I poor man, had nothing for to eat,
Tears for my drink, and ſorrow for my meat.

31

Alas (quoth I) my ſorrow is too much,
And thou art hunger, I do know thee well,

I do not love companions to have ſuch,
Nay, ſtay (quoth he) a tale I muſt thee tell:
How once in plenty thou didſt make no ſpare
Now haſt thou hunger, nought elſe for thy ſhare.

A Speech made by the great King Hunger.

32

AM not I Hunger and of force will be,
The great Commander of each Monarchy,
When Pride doth come, with riches in his hand,
Thinking my power he can perforce withſtand
What is my plot, to bring him down to bow
And beck to me, (ô) I ſhall tell thee how.
Envy I ſend, and ſweet Ambition both
To pride and riches which are very loth
To part with either, untill they have brought,
Both pride & riches and themſelves to nought
By mortall warre, or by ſuch vain deſires
As Envy, Pride, Ambition ſtill requires
Then do I laugh to ſee their bravery
Brought down ſo low, as ſubject be to me
And being ſubject brought unto my thrall,
Their life is hatefull, death is beſt of all.

For

For tho a mean, in all extreams there be,
Yet their no mean, nor mercy found in me
For I am hunger, and so extream strong,
Ile make the wife to do her husband wrong.
Nay, I am hunger, and do prick so deep,
Ile make the strongest heart on earth to weep:
Ile make the nak'd man run as he were mad,
To beg a cruft, and of the same be glad
To feed me hunger poor King that I am,
And think himself more then a happy man.
Nay, I command a strong beleagred Citiy,
And of their sorrows I do take no pity
When fire and sword and all the wrath of man,
Cannot them conquer, if I come I can
Nay, I can make them with old *Meriana* weep,
And force them search even in the dunghill deep,
To finde a Maggot if she be not their,
To eat their children and to make good cheer,
And tyranny even such as this I do,
Yet thou vilde pride that puts me therunto,
For if thou pride, with riches would assent
To give the poor, poor natures poor content,
And keep thy self from foule ambitious hate,
And be content and gripe no more estate,
But help the poor, and hurt him not at all
And come not in, base envies filthy thrall
Which ruines kingdoms much more may do thee
Although thou live in great security,

And

And when I hunger, knocks, and lets thee ſee
How that the poor is hunger-ſtarv'd by me,
If thou wouldſt helpe them with thy pooreſt crums
That from the daintics of thy table comes.
What need I plead upon this wofull ſtage,
But that it is a more then Iron-age,
For pity mercy, and all love is fled,
But pride and envie never will be dead,
Vntill I ceaze upon their bodies brave,
Then do I bring envie and pride to grave.
Am not I King the ſtrongeſt then on earth,
Save onely he which gives all vitall breath?
Which being ſaid this (Hunger) voice was gone,
Yet I was left with hunger all alone.

The end of this Fiction.

33

Now after nineteen days were quite ore past,
Those desart Hils and Woods I left them all,
And unto *Basil* I did come at last,
And then with th' *Rhine* toward *Germany* did fall:
And shortly came to *Strasburgh* City brave,
Where loving entertainment that I have.

33 *The first Towne of note I came to on this side the* Alps *was* Basil, *being seated very high on the* Rhine.

34

For there I found an English Gentleman,
One *Middleton* a Corporall there was he,
Who doth not spare, to do the best he can
In any kind, then for to comfort me.
For to a Gest-house he me present sent,
Where that I found good Christian like content.

34 *Here at* Strasburgh, *I had kinde entertainment, by the means of Master* Middleton: *I lay there in the Gest-house being a very dainty stove to be in: reasonable good meat and wine, with curious good lodging, where I lay five days.*

35

Here did I ſtay five days my ſelf to eaſe
And went to view the Churches fabrique fair,
And there I ſaw, the eye of man to pleaſe,
The Sun and Moone, and Heavens by motion rare,
How each from other doth paſſe and impart
Strange for to ſee, all wrought by curious art,

35 *Here in this Church is this worke of wonder, for by motion you may ſee how the whole Orbe moveth, alſo how the Sunne and Moone paſſeth the Heavens, as alſo the foure age of man, as infancie, youth, ſtrength, and old ages, as alſo the foure quarters of the yeere, as Spring, Summer, Harveſt, and Winter, paſſing by motion with the foure quarters of the houre, and then when the Clocke ſtrikes, the braſen Cocke crowes and claps his wings.*

36

Beſides the crowing of a braſen Cock,
With dainty voice both audible and ſhrill,
Once in an houre by motion as a Clock,
And other wonders of exceeding skill,
Beſide the Steeple, being cald they ſay,
A wonder of the World as well it may.

36 *For this Steeple is is builded eight ſquare,*

exceeding high, all arches one upon another, ſo that which way ſoever you paſſe you may ſee quite through it, and for the curious workmanſhip to be in ſuch a ſtone, I thinke the like is not to be ſeene.

37

For though the Church of *Florence* builded be
Of checker-work, and Diamond wiſe to view,
Alſo the ſteeple curious work to ſee,
Grac'd with a ball of beaten gold ſo true:
Yet it's not like to *Straſburgh* ſteeple faire,
Nor for the building, it's not half ſo rare.

38

For that it is of ſuch exceeding height,
Arch bound moſt dainty to ſpectators view,
Arch upon Arch by perfect art and ſleight,
He that nere ſaw it, ſcant will think it true,
That ſuch a worke within the World were wrought,
By mortall man, ſince man was made of nought.

39

Here did I ſee brought in by Burgers two
A man (they ſaid) was call'd the wandring Iew
But I with him, had nought at all to do,
So that for me, he may be falſe or true,
For what he was as then I did not care,
My mind was more, my ſupper not to ſpare.

39 *Here I ſaw this old Pilgrime, who Maſter* Middleton *told mee was noted to be the wandring Jew: but for my part I did take no great regard of him more then I have writ.*

40

A black tall man of ſtature that he was,
With viſage ſtern, his colour pale and wan,
And Pilgrime he both up and down did paſſe,
Within the town where I did ſee him than,
Grones, ſighes & ſobs, I hard him often give,
But what of him (they ſaid) I ſcarce believe.

41

This town environ'd with the noble *Rhine*,
Govern'd by States within themſelves all free
And guarded ſtrong by ſouldiers brave and fine,
Stout men of body as a man ſhall ſee, (be
Courteous and kinde, to ſtrangers that they
This can I ſay, for they were ſo to me.

41 *This town of* Strasburgh *is a free State of it ſelfe, environed by the River* Rhine *a very ſtrong thing, and a braue Garriſon of ſouldiers in it well maintained: when I was there they wore red velvet Caſſocks with the* Flower Deluce *in blue cloth, and edged with ſilver very comely.*

So now to *Saverne* that I take my way,
And through a desart and a mighty Wood,
Vnto *Panspoyce*, but there I could not stay,
For there I found not any thing was good,
But harbour cold, and courtesie so much
I do not care, how seldome I have such.

42 *I came by many other places I cannot name, also it is needlesse.*

43 Then did I come to the Duke of *Lorains* land
And to the dainty City of *Nancie*,
Dainty it is and sweetly it doth stand
For aire most sweet and good commodity
For Corn and Cattle, Wood, and water fair,
It hath enough and can to others spare.

43 *If this Citie of* Nancie *be not of late ruinated, it is as fine a little sweet thing as ever a man can see on earth for all outward blessings naturall for mans content: a little before I came to it, I was at a great Monastery where was many English Jesuites, and other Priests called Saint* Nicholai.

44

So now by *Tow* and *Fow*, *Tholat*, and *Bar*,
I passe my way, with cold and hunger both,
And tho indeed I come my Country war
To help my need, theres few, or none that doth
Vnlesse poor man I got a bit of bread
Which few would give for to relieve my need.

45

So on I came unto the Champion Plain,
Where fourteen days I travailed with wo,
For nothing had I, all within the same,
But what the Cloysters help me then unto
Some meat and drink, and harbour poore I had,
Tho it was poor, yet of it I was glad.

45 *This Champion Countrey is a very scant Countrey for fire, but very rich of Corn especially, also there is pretty good store of hard mine to keepe out the cold.*

46

For winter it was cold, and I was poor,
My clothing thin, and bare-foot then I was,
And all my limbes was numb'd & grown so sore,
That ten miles on a day I could not passe,

Yet in the end I came to *Paris* Citie,
Where I did finde ſome comfort, love and
pitie.

46 *I will ſpeak nothing of theſe parts of* France, *being all in* Picardy *and* Normandy, *which every one almoſt knows they are ſo neer hand.*

47

So then to *Roane* where Merchants kind I found,
And then to *Deep* a daintie Haven town
Where I got ſhipping for our Engliſh ground,
And came to *Dover* poor and eke unknown,
But yet I had the Geſt-houſe courteſie,
John Bangor then was in the Majoraltie.

47 Iohn Bangor *was Major, when I landed at* Dover.

48

From him a Paſſe to *London* that I had,
Being both poor, lame and in miſery,
Where when I came my heart indeed was glad,
For there I got good clothes even preſently:
For that ſome monies fell unto my lot,
That former ſorrows they were all for got.

49

Then news was come of the *Bohemian* wars,
For which my minde was presently so bent
That I would see, how there would go the jars,
And did indeed, for thither that I went
With noble *Gray* and many worthy men,
Who did not come again not one of ten.

49 *I went into* Bohemia *with Sir* Andrew Gray *being Generall, we were not there long before all was lost, yet for the time there was some sharpe doings and much losse.*

50

For tho indeed the service it was short,
Because at first the hopes was very poor,
Yet *Pilsen* it can tel there was brave sport, (gore,
When all the ground with bloud was turned
And *Prague* can say and other parts indeed,
That in these warres many a brave heart did (bleed.

51

Thus when I saw the hopes was poor and bare,
No staying then at all, there was for me
For nothing saw I fall unto my share,
But service hard with want and misery:
Away I came to the *Palatinate*,
And for my welcome there a shot I got.

52

There was in ſervice to defend the land
Of *Engliſhmen* ſo brave a Regiment,
Whom noble *Vere*, as Generall did command
The like I never ſaw where ere I went,
For of a hundred ſcarce you could find ten,
But by their birth, or worth were Gentlemen.

53

Oxford and *Eſſex* noble Earles were there,
And many Gallants under their command,
Brave *Rich* and *Wentworth* and *Burlaſſie* were
With Colours flying, fair in field did ſtand
That noble *Burroughs*, & brave *Herbert* too,
Fairfax and *Wilmot* all their beſt to do.

53 *Never went a more noble company of voluntary ſouldiers out of* England, *then went to this Voyage of the* Palatinate, *and had worſe ſucceſſe.*

54

Knowls and kind *Thornix* they were not behinde
With many Gallants here to try their luck,
And many mo, who was of noble minde,
Even as *Banithon* and brave Captain *Buck*:
Who came to looke for honour in the field,
For to the ſo, that they would never yield.

55

Once here we had, hope of a noble day,
And was prepared with the Fo to fight,
When noble *Oxford* led our Vangard way
Having the Fo before us in our fight,
Thinking none other but without all doubt,
To end that war by then to fight it out.

55 *This was the day that the* Palatinate *was loſt, for if wee had gone on, we had ſuch vantage, every way, eſpecially in horſe, as alſo our ſouldiers very able, and as forward to go upon ſervice, wee had good ſtore of Canon and all mounted, our horſe had given fire to the enemy, wee had all things juſt in readineſſe for the Battail: then Marqueſſe* Baden *being Generall of the Field betrayed the Countrey, and would not let us fight that night, ſo in the morning the enemy was fled and got his trenches, and ſo we loſt all.*

56

Our forlorn hopes were ready, all drawn forth
And Doctor *Burgeſſe* gave brave encouragement
To all our ſouldiers, who was of that worth
That all was ready, and to battail bent,
But Marqueſſe *Baden* all our hopes then bard,
And all our paſtime for that day was mard.

57

For after that our Canon mounted was
Fair for to play againſt the enemy,
Alſo our horſe ſain on like hearts of braſſe,
To ſhew their valour and fidelity:
And we were ready, both with hart & hand
To fight our parts, as long as we could ſtand.

58

But preſent tydings came we ſhould not fight,
But every man his quarter fair ſhould keep
Becauſe it grew, even ſomewhat toward night,
Which made the heart of many a ſouldier weep:
To ſee how baſely that ſame day was loſt,
Which did indeed the *Palſgraves* Countrey coſt.

59

For that ſame night, our ſo their trenches got,
Which was more ſafe then any Caſtle ſtrong,
Not caring then what we could do a jot,
And in the ſame they did remain ſo long:
Till that they had even ſo increas'd their force,
That they were able to give us the worſe.

60

For winter comming, and our force grew weak,
Our fare being hard, and eke our payment bad,

Our

Our Captains then, with us did all betake,
To ſeverall towns, and of the ſame were glad:
And there we did in Garriſon remain,
Till we were forc'd to yield them up again.

61

But not with eaſe, this dare I tell you plain,
Nor with the loſſe of ſmall or little bloud,
But with hard war they did the Country gain,
With wofull ſpoil, and but with little good:
Town after town, when they were very poor,
For untill then, we would not give them ore.

62

For there we kept unto Commiſſion came
From *Englands* King unto our Generall,
And *Chicheſter* that Lord brought him the ſame,
With *Frankindale* we ſhould deliver all:
Then we with honour marched quite away,
For in the country, there we might not ſtay.

62 *After that moſt, nay, indeed all the* Palatinate *was loſt both higher and lower, yet my Lord kept* Frankindale *till my Lord of* Chicheſter *brought Commiſſion from King* James, *to deliver it up by way of compoſition.*

63

Then every man had leave for to depart,
Vnto his Country or where lik'd him best,
Being glad to march with poor and heavy heart,
To finde some place where hee might take his rest,
But many a man, this can I truly say
Did lose his life, in comming thence away.

64

But God above, did then preserve me so
That I got down along the noble *Rhine*,
And did me keep even from the mortall Fo,
That not one hurt I got in that same time,
But safely came to *Vtrich* where indeed
I did get means for to relieve my need.

64 *I got down the* Rhine *and came to* Vtrich *in the* Netherlands, *where I served Sir* Ferdinando Knightley *until I came for* England, *to goe over with the foure Regiments.*

65

And here I stay'd under the Starres a while,
Being under pay, of noble *Knightley* he
Thinking the best, and time so to beguile
Till he thought good, his Passe to give to me,

Then

Then did I come to *Englands* ſhore again,
But here I ſtaid not long for to be plain.

66

For that four noble Peers were ready bent
In forraigne parts, their valour for to try,
And each of them a warlike Regiment,
Being men of courage and of ſpirits high,
Oxford and *Eſſex*, and *Southampton* three,
The fourth of theſe was noble *Willoughby*.

66 *Theſe foure Peers had each a Regiment that went over at the firſt time* Breda *was beleagred and wonne by the Enemy, and where (more was the pitie) the Lord* Henry *Earle of* Oxford, *with overheating himſelf at* Treheyes *Sconce, got ſuch a vehement ſurfet, that at the* Hage *in ſhort time after he died: as alſo did the Earle of* Southampton, *and the yong and noble Lord* Wriothesley *his ſonne, to the great griefe of all the whole Regiments. At this Voyage I got a ſhot in my head, and then I came for* England.

67

Theſe Nobles had Captains of high degree
To follow them, being men of high renown,
And each of them a worthy company,
Of ſouldiers ſtout, & of brave courage known:
But yet indeed this Voyage was not the beſt,
Two of the Earles did die beſides the reſt.

68

That in this great exploit did hope for gains,
And went with theſe lame Lords their worths to try,
But had no more, but death even for their pains
As it did prove, and with them then went I,
But yet I came a Fool as I did go,
With one ſhot mo, that I got from the Fo.

69

Then preſently a preſſe was new prepar'd,
For noble *Mansfield*, dainty Voyage was that
As ever was in any age yet heard:
For hunger and extreams, Ile tell you what,
Yet can I ſcarcely now the ſame rehearſe
(For why) I ſhame to put it in my verſe.

69 *This Voyage of* Mansfields *was the pooreſt that ever ſouldiers made, for if they had loſt their lives in ſervice and fair fight, it had redounded to their honour, but dying ſo baſely as they did, being ſtarved, was ſuch a poor proceeding as hath not bin heard of.*

70

It was ſo poor and bad and baſe withall,
That he declar'd I cannot well tell how,
For noble *Mansfield* ſo I will him call,
Was in no fault, this dare I ſwear and vow:

He

He did his best, his souldiers to maintain,
And honour to himself and them to gain.

71

For many went in this disastrous Voiage,
Brave noble harts, and valour truly tri'd,
A noble *Cromwell*, *Darcie*, wise and sage,
That honor'd *Rowsey*, and gallant *Reed* beside,
And Sir *Ralph Hopton* that same noble Knight
Whose worth is more then I can write of right.

72

For when some others left their souldiers poor,
Those that were his, and left to hunger vild,
He did not leave them, nor did give them ore,
But like a faithfull Captain meek and milde:
Did them relieve, and left them safe & sound,
Though that it cost him many a hundred pound.

73

Now doe I think I heare the vulgar cry,
That at this Voyage some fault, for sure there
was,
(Else) with vild hunger, why did so many die
Upon shipboard, and not to land did passe:

The souldiers fault that was so bad at home,
The States would not let them on their land come.

73 *Now by the censure of the common and vulgar sort,* Count Mansfield *was much blemished, but altogether unjustly and unworthily, for he was a very noble Gentleman and of a high spirit, stout and very courageous, wise and gentle and expert in the wars, howsoever loving to be himself soldier, but hated in Souldiers, he had too many such his Vessels, more was the pitie, for it kild his noble heart, when hee was cut off from landing them, for (indeed) the fault was neither his, nor any of the Commanders then appointed for that service, for they were very noble Gentlemen; but the main cause of this much losse on shipboard was the very progeny and inhumane carriages of the vulgar fresh souldiers, which made such spoyle in all places of England as they went, especially in Kent; that the tydings came both to the eares of the French King, as also the States: who hearing what hurt and inhumane parts they play'd in their own Country: being a Kingdome of a commendable and civill government, thought they would make havock in theirs, where warre is kept afarr, therefore to prevent greater mischief, they would not admit them to come to shore, and this their own base carriage brought their own ty-*

rannies:

ines: and this was the maine cause of so much losse on shipboard.

74

O *Githeringharch*, what wofull work was there,
When over-board so many men were thrown
That every morn, the water did appear,
With dead mens corps for to be overflown!
O Souldiers then, beware, take heed by this
In your own Country never do amisse.

74 *Nothing can be more hatefull to GOD, then for a Souldier who is commanded to fight for the truth of the Gospell, and for his King and Country to be a traitor and enemy to it, and by any colour or pretence to wrong the inhabitants of his owne Nation: as God knows too many of these Souldiers did was then prest, therfore God shewed his judgement upon them.*

75

But strive to do your King and Country good,
And not the Kingdome harm before you go,
For if you do, you sure will lose your bloud,
If not thus basely, yet before your fo,
You shall have shame and with disgrace shall die,
For God is just, and justly will you try.

76

Then ſouldiers all bear you an honeſt minde,
And being preſt take hearts of valour then,
And to your Country, ere be true and kinde,
And with your ſo, be ſure to fight like men,
So ſhall you gain credit and comfort brave,
And to your Countrey much more welcome have.

76 *Nothing in a ſouldier is more honorable then to be well conditioned and true to his Country.*

77

Then after this another Voyage, I went
To *Cadiz* fair where Sack did make ſuch ſpoile,
That ſouldiers had their wits therwith ſo ſpent,
That then with ſhame, the ſo gave us the foile:
Beſides commiſſion it was counted bad,
And ſaid the worſt, that ere Generall had.

77 *This Voyage is too well known, therfore I will ſay no more of it: but that I went from* Hull *with Sir* William Courtney, *I had as good have had ſtaid at home.*

But what it was, I cannot truly tell
But by report, and fame may tell a lie,
For with edge tools, I do not love to meddle,
For they will cut, therfore He let them lie,
But how it was, I cannot truly say,
Many were glad they came so well away.

79

But presently we had another Presse
Where I was sent into the North Country,
And did receive three hundred men no lesse,
All able men, as any man might see,
Where that indeed, I then Conductor was,
And brought them safe to *Hull* where they did passe.

79 *This Voyage I went also from Hull with Captain Francis Conisby to the Long Line, to General Morgans there for Stond Leager, but presently I came back.*

80

Over the Seas with all the Northerne men,
To *Denmark's* Voyage, and to the Leager poor
Which was at *Stond*, but I with them as then
There did not stay but presently came ore
Even from *Long Line*, where noble *Conisby*
Did send me back with Sir *John Burlesse*.

81

81

Now here I muſt the Muſes ſummon all
With trumpets ſound, chiefly *Melpomene*,
To aid me here, and ſhew the heavy fall
Even of ſuch Worthies as I dare well ſay
Will vex great *Mars* within his Court to finde,
So many Worthies of ſo noble minde.

81 *This Ile of* Ree *Voyage was not ſo pure & pitifull by reaſon of ſo great a loſſe of noble Souldiers & great Commanders: the paſſages of it are well known, therfore I will ſay no more of it.*

82

As here was loſt, wo to that fatall chance,
And wo unto that more then diſmall day,
That *England* had that overthrow by *France*,
Which makes the *French* for to preſume to day,
From *Englands* yoke that they have caſt their neck,
And brought brave *England* for to bow and beck.

83

Aſwell as they had formerly been kept
Vnder command of *Englands* Royall Kings,
Now that obedience they away have ſwept,
And of Heroick victory now ſings

Having their green died with our Crimson gores,
Of noble bloud, whose losse we may deplore.

84

But out (alas) what doth the *Frenchmen* say,
And as the *Spaniard*; nay, the Boriſh *Dutch*
Lay Sack enough but in the *Engliſh* way,
They need no ſo, their valour is ſo much
They'le kill each other in their drunken fits,
For *Bacchus* is their god, and ſpoiles their wits.

84. *This an ordinary brag of the* Spaniard *to give out: That throw but a Butt of Sack in the way of the* Engliſh, *and with their own help killing one another being drunk, will do more hurt in an* Engliſh *Army, then a thouſand* Spaniards *can do in Armes.*

85

For *Mars* is baniſh'd quite, and valour ſo,
Valeſſe it be in ſome brave minded men
Which are ſo few, alaſſe what can they do,
When in a hundred ſcarce you ſhall finde ten,
That ere is preſt but they are bred ſo baſe,
That they have, neither valor, truth nor grace.

85. *And the* Dutch *braggeth that they have changed trades with the* Engliſh, *for we have learned them to fight, and they us to drink, or elſe we*

have taken the trade upon our own hands, never being any apprentices to the same, nor free, without any order of Law. So now we English are the drinkers, and the drunken Dutchmen *brave souldiers, more is the pitie.*

86

For any slave, if he be here so bad,
Is holden good enough to serve the King,
Nay, any thief, whence ere he can be had
Which doth good souldiers oft to ruine bring,
For when they should doe service as they ought,
Prest to be gone, they are then to be sought.

87

Which makes brave hearts come oft by weeping crosse,
And lose their lives by such disasters base,
Which might have honor, but comes home with losse,
Both of their lives, and with most vild disgrace
And then these slaves to *England* will come ore,
Saw here the[re], yet beg for souldiers poor.

88

And tell you tales how Cannons they do rore,
And how great *Mars* his trumpet brave doth sound,

And how they are inrich and made exceeding
poor
By this hard warre, in which they here were
found,
Burnt away before it did begin,
To beg or steal, their former course of sin.

89

But why do I use this prolixity,
To speak of that which I can never mend?
Yet pray I will, and that most heartily,
That God & King would better souldiers send
Against the foes of his blest royall blood,
For until then, that we shall nere do good.

90

Yet still me thinks the trumpets sound amayn,
Woe and alas, when shall I ever see
Such noble heart to tread *England* earth again,
As now was lost in this fame Ile of *Ree*,
Ree we may call, and rue we may that day,
The Duke did finde, ere *Neptune* found the
way.

90 *Gentle Reader give me leave thus by the way to let thee understand, that at our first going on, we had good sport, and very noble service, and bravely performed, and with great credit to the Lord Generall the Duke: And tho at our comming off we had the worse, yet the* French *for all their bragging,*

ing need not so much boast of their gaines at noble victory, for first and last they lost a world of fine fellows: But indeed it was Gods providence, and foreseeing determination. That we should know wee were all at his disposing; and not as some scandalous and filthy reprochfull tongues did use to give out to the derogation of the noble Dukes honour being the Generall all which for as far forth (as I for my part) could ever discern, was altogether unjust: for never could any Generall carry himselfe more lovingly to all his souldiers, then hee did not onely to the Commanders and Officers, but even to the poorest Centinels, and none that was a souldier of worth and quality will (I think) or can justly say, but he was truly noble, of a very amiable and loving disposition to all that had any suite unto him. Some foule tongues gave out that at the retreat and comming off that my Lord Duke was then on shipboard, but I am sure, when it was darke night, hee was in the field, and brought to the Bridge a good quantity both of shot and powder: For as hee was of an amiable condition, so was he of a stout and courageous spirit, ever forward to further an honest & good souldier in his suite, but a coward or a man of a preposterous or soule carriage hee could never abide; but never man yet lived or died without enemies (especially one so eminent) no more did he, much more was the pitie.

92

Brave *Rich* & *Burrows* you there loſt your breath,
And ſo did *Bret* and *Bingley* both beſide,
And *Radcliffe* ſweet, my Captain turn'd to earth,
Brave *Coningam*, whoſe fame yet never di'd,
Heidon & *Blundell* both two noble Knights.
With *York* and *Thornie* took their laſt good nights.

93

With many mo brave Captains of great fame,
Which loſt their lives, & bodies turn'd to duſt,
Whom I for ever cannot but weep to name,
Why ſay I ſo, for to them that I muſt?
For indeed am, all ſhall we born to die,
As was theſe Gallants moſt unhappily.

94

For formerly no age hath ever known,
That *Engliſhmen* receiv'd ſuch vile diſgrace,
Nor Chronicle paſt memory hath ſhown,
That bragging *France* did *England* ſo deface,
As it did then within this paultry Ile,
So many Worthies of their lives beguile.

Mars did envy against great *Neptunes* flood,
Great *Neptune* he was sent at *Mars* again,
To let that he drownd with our *English* blood,
Which water had enough about the same;
But now their pits are fild with purple gore,
As they were fild with fish brine before.

95

But for to leave this more then hapleſſe place,
And those sweet souls in blisse that did therin,
For tho their bodies be interr'd so base,
Yet do their souls *Hallelujas* sing
Vnto *Jehovah* the bleſt God above,
Who ordereth well whom he best doth love.

96

But I poor man 'mongſt all theſe worthy dead,
Did scape alive and came to *Englisſh* shore,
Being in my travell forc'd to beg my bread,
With woefull wounds which was both greene and sore,
Vntill to *London* that at length I came
Where I poor man, a long time did lie lame.

97

But when I was recovered of the same,
Vnto the *Belgick* States that I went ore,
And there indeed I did take armes again,
To see what Fortune would befall me more:
Thinking far better there to live in pay,
Then for to burthen *England* any way.

98

But yet (alas) I had not there been long
Till *Maestrick* Leager fell out very lore
And cruell fate again did me that wrong,
That yet a shot unto my share fell more.
Beside I lost my noble Colonell good,
Stout and devout as on the earth ere stood.

98 *Here at* Maestrick *I got another shot for my reward, and that was all the preferment that fell to my share.*

99

So I poor soul, being then disabled quite,
Was forc'd to take the Gesthouse courtesie,
Where comfortlesse and without all delight,
I did remayn in pain and misery:
Vntill poorly, recovered that I was,
Then left I armes and did to *England* passe.

100

For after that my limbes I got again,
I to my Country then did make repayre,
Where for my service, travell, losse, and pain,
I did request some pension for my share:
For I had served thirty yeers and more,
In constant service, never gave i'more.

101

For which poor I must needs constrained be,
To end my days like to an Anchorist,
And with what means the Gentry will give me,
Content my self untill I take my rest,
In earth's wide wombe where I must rot to dust,
God grant my soul it may live with the just.

Now armes farewell, brave souldiers all adiew,
I was a souldier, but I am none now,
Yet is my heart to souldiers ever true,
For I to *Mars* have made a constant vow:
That I will be a servant to him still,
In what I can his service to fulfill.

For though I cann't do King, nor Country good,
Yet I a souldier from henceforth will be
To Iesus Christ, who shed his precious bloud,
To save that soul, immortall is in me.

Thus

Thus will I rest, in faith and hope will I
Resolved be, and never fear to die.

Thus you have heard the whole Catastrophe
Of the disasters, I have wandred through,
Of th' intricate *Meanders* weary way,
Though it be little, yet it is enough:
And he that covets, for to have it more
Let him begin, for now will I give ore.



FINIS.

